

MY PERFECTLY WONDERFUL  
ZOMBIE CHRISTMAS



DOPEYE  
THEOPHILUS  
BARRNUMB

# **My Perfectly Wonderful Zombie Christmas**

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*Popeye Theophilus Barrnumb*

## Description

*My Perfectly Wonderful Zombie Christmas* is a FREE e-book medium-length novelette, of about 13,000 words, proper. It is written in a semi-stream-of-consciousness style. Some like this style, and others do not. If you are brave enough to give it a try, I hope you enjoy it.

If you want to wait (or read more), you can read it, mostly intact, but extended and enhanced, in my zombie novel, *Quiet Earth*, available mid-2016. (see more after the story)

Zombie Xmas is a story about a man who is attempting to deal with the horrors, trials, tribulations and psychological issues of surviving a Zombie Apocalypse as best he can, hopefully with sanity intact. And this only a week or so in. (though it seems to him to be much longer) It is something of a journal, or journal entry, containing his somewhat-rambling thoughts on how he got to where he is in the story to date, with some memories and recollections of times past, and a smattering of this and that. (like GeoEngineering and GAstrail spraying) Oh, and forewarned is forearmed, Santa does not fare well.

Audience: Teen+ to Adult — Language

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## Colophon

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I'm not kidding.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination, or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events, in the past, present, or future, is purely coincidental. That's my story, anyway, and I'm sticking to it.

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## Dedicatum

I dedicate this story

to my brother,  
Daniel Lee Donnelly,  
author, (graphic) artist, teacher, vegan, animal rights activist,  
and so much more than could appropriately be said here,  
for whom I originally started writing this story  
as a Christmas present years ago,  
but then it ended up being this,

and

to Charles Vincent Crumb, Jr.  
(1942 – February 1993),  
an American artist and  
brother of cartoonist Robert Crumb.  
The former from whom I borrowed the saying,  
“How Perfectly Goddamned Delightful It All Is, To Be Sure”.  
#RIP

*Thank you, both.*

## Author's Foreword

Instead of duplicating too much of what I wrote in my novelette *Katydid's* foreword, and also my FREE short story singlet, *Zombie Squad: A Taste of Future Death's* foreword, much of which is apropos here, as well, I will abbreviate this, keep it short and sweet, and you can always read those and see what I mean. (at some point this paragraph is going to get unwieldy if I keep this up)

I'm making this medium-length novelette available as a FREE e-book... because I can. (but you'll have to pay \$0.99 at Amazon, because Amazon) If you like this story, I hope you will check out some of my other work. More information about that can be found on my author's website: [www.iPopeye.net](http://www.iPopeye.net) (and at the end of this e-book)

I did not get this published in time for the 2015 Holidays like I wanted to and tried to do, but better late than never, I suppose. More than close and good enough for the gold standard that is government work. For the record, this story will be filling in for my 2016 New Years Resolutions. Missed it by *that* much. Then, since I missed my self-imposed deadline, I decided to take some time and give it a bit more spit and polish. (wherein it got longer – so it went from a short story, to a long short story, to a novelette – more bang for your buckless)

In some ways, this story is kind of odd (semi-stream-of-consciousness writing style and all, plus some other stuff you will only know about if you read it), but I like it, and thought others might, too. So here we are. It is semi-biographical, here and there, but don't try to figure out which is which — wouldn't want you to hurt yourself. Just know it, let it go, and read on. And, yes, I did take a few liberties, so to speak, with the formatting, to make it more publishable and readable and story-like. (italics and such)

I always note, as a kind of warning, that I have a certain writing style that is somewhat casual and conversational in peculiarity, which I like and prefer. Your mileage may vary. And you may not find much of what I refer to as “Perfect Pitch English” in my prose (which is purposeful, believe it or not). Some may like it, others not. At least you can't say I didn't warn you. (so that may “explain a lot” – I hope you like my writing style and find it readable — with an additional note that it may be ‘exacerbated’ by this s-SoC style-on-style I have chosen here)

I'll repeat the same *Thank you* here to my editor, Marla Crites, that I did in the other works she edited for me, for her editing and proofreading prowess. However, please note that all extant errors, mistakes, and issues are solely mine and shan't besmirch her fine reputation and good name, especially those instances where I chose to go against advice.

And *Thank you* to my pre-reader (near-editor), author Christopher Page (check out his work! you will not be disappointed — I am proud to be his Editor of choice), for the constructive critique and notes. It is *very much* appreciated and always comes in handy. (if only we *could* edit ourselves)

If you liked (or did not like) this story, I'm always interested in hearing from readers. You can contact me via my author's website.

In the meantime, keep an eye out, and stay on your toes. The Zombie Apocalypse is most



likely right around the corner. And, barring that, The End of the World As We Know It, one way or another.

*/s/ Popeye Theophilus Barrnumb, Esq.*  
January, 2016

# **My Perfectly Wonderful Zombie Christmas**

## Chapter Zero

### How Perfectly Goddamned Delightful It All Is, To Be Sure

*Bare with me on this story. I'd appreciate it. I'll do the best I can, but I'm not in what most people would call great shape at this point. In more ways than one. If you've got a seat belt handy, use it, because it's going to be a bumpy ride. I can almost guarantee it. If we're lucky, it will eventually all make sense in the end. But no promises. I'm just being honest. At least there's that. I simply felt the need to record this for posterity. Pencil and paper-wise. While I can. Something like that. We thank you again for your support.*

So I shot Santa in the head.

Not a big deal. In fact, I think I have to admit to having a long-held secret desire of *wanting* to shoot Santa Claus in the head. I mean, what did the Fat Little Bastard ever do for me? I never got what I really wanted for Christmas. Then I find out, at a much-too-late-in-the-game age, that he's not even real. I love my mom, but she seriously over-did the "you're my little baby" thing. And what's up with my dad and my older brother and sister playing along? I guess I was the family joke for a long while. Yeah, they must have gotten a lot of mileage out of that.

It was all a big fat lie about a little fat man. So, yes, I actually enjoyed shooting Santa Claus in the head. Sue me.

And now that I think about it, how in the hell did I survive public school so long without being razzed about it, mercilessly and cruelly teased, if not getting bullied and beat up, or, I don't know what? When I think back on it, it's a bit of a blur... probably some form of mental block self-protection denial or something. (maybe deep down I knew better than to mention it in polite company – as we all well know, kids can be the cruelest of all – thank god they aren't usually armed)

Sure, I know, now, that he's not – that they weren't – all those bell-ringing bastards – the "real" Santa Claus. I've known that for quite some time, actually. I remember my brother trying to convince me that, every time you see him on a street corner, ringing that damn bell, begging for pocket change from passers-by, even as you're driving down the road, or in the mall, or a department store – when they had that sort of thing – or on TV, that he just zips from place to place, faster than the speed of light. Faster than Rudolph and the other eight reindeer on Xmas Eve. — Eight? I think there are eight... plus Rudolph, right? — I almost believed him. I suppose I wanted to believe him, but even at an early age, I wasn't born on the back of a turnip truck, or however that saying goes. Sure, the seventies were a different time, a much simpler time, but they weren't *that* different.

You would think at around the age of seven or eight, okay, nine or ten, figuring out that all

those Santas weren't "the real Santa", that I would have been on my way to a clue. I guess I'm a little naive, and have always been so. At least, when I was younger. Not these daze, tho. I finally learned my lessons. I'm trying to stay clear of bitter and cynical, but it's a bit of a full-time job. Not the worst thing in the world to be – innocent. Innocence has it's place. I wish I had a little more of that now. What's that saying? If only I didn't know now what I didn't know then – no wonder that's a famous song.

— Okay, technically I'm not actually "the baby" of the family, but I was for years, over a decade. Then Katey 'the mistake' came along. We used to kid her about that. I made it a point that she be raised "properly", and not fall pray to the machinations of the rest of the family, like I was. It wasn't hard to do, she always had a good head on her shoulders, more so than the rest of the family. And we were all older, if not wiser by then. Mostly just older.

I always wished I was closer to her, but none of us were all that close. Especially after we all graduated, high school and college (sans *The Mistake*, although she eventually made it, too), and left home to live lives of our own. We half-assed got together for Thanksgiving and/or Christmas for a short while, but even that eventually went by the wayside. Now we're lucky to see one another every few years, if that. We don't live all that close to each other. Spread around some, but to tell the truth, not that far away. Far enough to use it as an excuse I suppose. So I guess we are mostly strangers now.

And not too many years after Katey was born, Dad just disappeared one day. Haven't heard from him since. Nobody ever really talked about it that much. I guess we didn't really care about that, either. Mom seemed more relieved than anything. All the kids were gone by then anyway, except Katey, of course. I hope she's doing okay.

Anyway, maybe, along with all of that "babying" I got from Mom, and the sneaky, underhanded, dishonesty, and, yes, outright disloyalty, from the rest of the family (sans Katey, there, as well), all things considered, maybe coming to terms with The Biggest Lie of the Year at thirteen wasn't all that bad. That's what I have to believe, anyway, to preserve any lasting sense of sanity. And self-respect. Much less a decent self-image and modicum of self-esteem. Yeah, I do real well in all of those areas. That's my story, anyway, and I'm sticking to it. For now.

Gee. And I wonder why I enjoyed shooting Zombie Claus in the head. God, I'm fucked up. But, then, who isn't, in their own little way? In the many ways that *all* of us are. Most of us in too many ways for our own good, and everyone else's. And now, you even get to put a cherry on top. Sprinkle it with nuts. Don't be niggardly, now. Heap it on. I'm fucked up, you're fucked up, they're fucked up, we're all fucked up. And beyond that, we're all just plain fucked. Deal with it.

And, to tell you the absolute God's-honest truth, who wouldn't be, in this new little world of ours? One day things are just your typical wonderful state of affairs – nation-wide and world-wide fucked-up-ness beyond comprehension, with politics, and wars, and "terrorism", and violence, and greed, and corruption, and rape and murder, most of it at all-time highs, and all the rest of it, and that's in Good Ol' America. (yeah, leave it to us to co-opt that term and screw the rest of the North and South continent-wise) Most of the rest of the world has-had it a bit worse in most ways. And before you know what's hit you, you wake up to find yourself living in Zombie HellTown, U.S.A., walking down Main Street, enjoying the sights. And could someone please change the population count on the signs at the edge of town on Route 42. It's a full-time job these days. Don't pay well, though. Any volunteers? (that's one o' them there rhetorical questions you been hearin' so much about lately – if anyone decides to take me literally, have at it – do you have anything else better to do?)

Talk about SNAFUBAR — Situation Normal – All Fucked Up Beyond All Recognition.

I, for one, could have used a little warning. Even a hint. Something. Anything. I would have paid a dollar for a clue. But, no, the so-called “Powers That Be” couldn’t have that now, could they? Don’t want to rock the boat. Don’t want to scare anyone. Fear has it’s place. The Department of Homeland Security, CIA, NSA, and other alphabet soup agencies know all about that. But that’s when *they* can control it and use it for their own eVile [sicK] purposes. (which, unfortunately, they never seemed to tire of indulging in) They don’t (pick) cotton to things that scare *them* – things that make them piss themselves, nay, shit themselves silly. Things that are real and not made up fiction like most of it, from al Qaeda to zombies. Oops! News Alert! Zombies are real. Go figure. “al Qaeda”, not so much. Don’t get me started on that crap. (they made one Hell of a Bogeyman, though – if there was still an Internet I’d suggest you Google it and do some objective personal research on the matter – if you can maneuver through all the hip-deep crap and find an inkling of real truth)

Don’t want people to stop going to work, making that all-mighty dollar, so they can spend it on the way home — at the fast food, and the quick mart, and the convenience, and the gas station, and the big box stores — after slaving away at some worthless, meaningless, god-forsaken job making widgets of some sort or another. Can’t have that, now, can we? Hope to kiss a duck.

Everything’s fine. Everything’s going to be alright. We have everything under control. We’re from the Government, and we’re here to help you help yourself. Really we are. It’s just a bad flu that’s going around. Got your flu shot, right? You’ll be fine. No worries. Go back to work. Wash your hands. Cover your mouth when you cough. Use antiseptic lotion. *They* made a bundle – lotta good that’s doing them now. Wear a face mask if you’re in a high-contact position or location. The face mask people made even more than the lotion people – Burn in Hell! – the lot of you. Take a sick day if you absolutely have to. But don’t be a big baby about it. Take a day and then get right back up on that horse. Gotta keep those lines movin’. Gotta grease the socio-economic business cogs with blood, sweat and tears. Keep the corporations and multinationals and their stockholders well fed. Bolster and enable the stock market gamblers so they can keep playing their dangerous games, and get rich beyond belief on the backs of America and the American people. Keep those dogies and doggies rollin’.

But everything wasn’t fine.

And the media was no help at all. Big surprise there. Anyone who’s been paying attention these last several many years, and some time before that, knows that The Fourth Estate was taken out back and shot in the head, long before it became the popular action of choice in these times. “Media Blackouts” were more commonplace than actual, truthful, objective news. If you wanted to know what was really going on, you had to hit the Web, and then try to intelligently separate the wheat from the chaff, which was not particularly easy. It got so people even quit using the term “Yellow Journalism” and some of the other cute phrases that popped up over the years, especially after the Internet came into its own. And tabloids, and “Reality TV”, and all the rest of the soul-sucking crap we were bombarded with on a daily basis – I don’t miss that awful offal at all. I don’t think “they” even came up with an appropriate bon mot as a replacement. Even as I think about it, nothing comes to mind that would even be bad enough to be effectually (effectively?) descriptive. God I miss Uncle Walter. And was he, were they, even *that* ‘good’??

Sometimes I wonder... Like America's "Founding Fathers" with their warts and all. (you know – slave owners and all the rest)

Side note: Cronkite and the few others – Huntley, Brinkley, ... none of the others come to mind at the moment. Murrow before them. And a very few that came after them in the next wave. Most of them were mostly, effectively before my time. Mom and Dad used to watch them every night, so I soaked up a little from being there, but when you're a kid, the nightly news doesn't usually have a huge amount of interest. And newspapers were probably better back then, too. I may have been somewhat naive and innocent and all that, but I was never unaware or unknowledgeable about the things that *really* counted and mattered. And I knew (know) enough about history as far back as the turn of the century and before that, eventually way back – a little from school, but mostly from personal reading, ALL-important reading (books!), and watching the so-called "boob tube" (intelligently). These days, anyone who bad-mouths TV, and movies, old and new, or the Internet, well, let's just say that I'm pretty sure they were a zombie and got what they deserved – Click! Bam! — That's my story, anyway, and I'm sticking to it. Fuck 'em!

Fuck! I think I'm rambling. I swear to God I can write an honest-to-goodness actual grammar-syntactically correct sentence and paragraph with proper punctuation and everything, if I have to. These days I'm not so much into that as I am just trying to get it all down in case it comes in handy later. And I suppose I have a personal dog in this fight, as well. Pardon me for not being completely selfless. Just in case there is someone to read it later, which isn't looking too good right now. Maybe I just need to get it down and out of me, an über-catharsis of sorts, in essence. Especially since I don't have anyone to talk to. There *has* to be *some* other survivors out there *somewhere*. Preferably of the female persuasion. I do have to secretly admit that some of them zombie-gals ain't looking none too bad at all these daze. How long can I resist that temptation? So far, so good. So far... But it's been a while now since I've seen another *living* person, so to speak. Seems like forever. Or a bit longer than that.

I will also admit to being a tad depressed. Perhaps I'm infected – that word sends a shiver through me these daze – with SAD – Seasonal Affective Disorder. Better that than the Plague that is so popular amongst the populace these days. It *is* the most wonderful time of the year, after all. Christmas is still just around the corner. Any day now. Are you keeping count? Have we reached the Twelve Days of Christmas? Surely we must be at least halfway through, and I apologize for calling you Shirley.

It doesn't help that the electricity went away, quicker than I would have thought, and all of the Christmas decorations on the streets downtown and around town and inside and outside people's homes are all off. Dead. Deader than a door mouse. Zombie Christmas decorations. That's a tad depressing in its own right. Kinda gets to you. Seeps under your skin like an itch that you can't scratch. I try to ignore it, but it's in my face. Kinda puts a downer on the whole holiday cheer thing. Then throw in some zombies on top of it all and we can party like it's 1899. I'll bring the hats and party favors. The ice cream is long past melted, though. I do keep eyeballing the plethora of wrapped presents under dark and dead and dying trees, but it seems like too much of a sacrilege to open them. I'm wondering how long I can resist that temptation. Who's the Christmas Pauper this year? Not me. I've got more presents than I can count.

Wait, what was I saying?

What's the date today? What's the day of the week? What time is it? For the love of God, somebody please tell me the date and time!! Cell phones aren't working anymore, either, so don't bother. I'm not sure what's up with that. Maybe the date would still be correct on them? And people pretty much quit wearing watches. (cell phones killed the watch industry like President Kennedy choosing to not wear a hat killed the hat industry; and TV killed the radio star) It's not like I'm asking for the world, or a million dollars. The latter of which isn't worth the paper it's printed on these days. I use money now for toilet paper – even when TP is available. Just to make a point.

When the power went off, so went the world. Time-wise, anyway. (and in most other ways) To any specificity. Someone should have been paying attention. I should have gotten a calendar and marked the days off. It didn't seem important at the time. I had a few other things to worry about. Like *The End of the World*. And a plague of the not-undead. Is that what you call a group of zombies? A Plague of Zombies? Like a pride of lions, or a murder of crows? The silver lining on that is that everyone gets to sleep-in now. Forever. And then some.

Calm down. Don't worry, I'm way past all that. At least, I don't think I'm insane. You just don't realize how *important* it is to your psyche, to your peace of mind, to your sanity, to know what the date is, what day it is, and what time it is, until you realize that you have absolutely-no-fucking-clue-what-so-ever. And then panic sets in. Panic like a handful of Xanax wouldn't calm. It's the way the world works. Since you were born, or whatever age it is that you become a coherent person, so to speak. Dates. Days. Times. Eventually months and years. You don't realize what an inherent part of the makeup of your very being is involved in all that until it's gone. Forever. (thank you modern society)

And, as far as I can tell, never to be regained. Not in any meaningful way, accuracy-wise. Has it always been that way? Or just in our latter-days so-called society and civilization? Didn't someone futz with the Gregorian calendar way back when? Take a week or two out? I remember reading something about that... You don't think about it consciously, but it's one of the most important strings in the web of society, and culture, and civilization. I should have kept track. Maybe someone has, somewhere. I kind of hope so, although, as I said, I came through all that with flying colors and have exited the other side just plain not giving much of a fuck. Self-preservation is a motherfucker.

You also don't realize what a wonderful thing sanity is, either, until you come *this* close to losing it. Losing it big time. Perhaps to never regain that sense of normalcy and calm and contentment and... sanity. I think I made it, anyway. I try to not think about it anymore. Mostly I succeed. God dammit, give me the serenity to accept things I can't change, some courage to change some things I can, and the smarts to know the difference. Am I right? (I think I'm going to have to look up some of these things I'm quoting from memory – accuracy is kind of important) I guess we were all a little spoiled, in some ways if not in most ways. Especially in America.

These days, it seems like one day just follows another. On the one hand, I would swear on a stack of Bibles, not that I'm religious, or even believe in God, especially these days — gotta quit using that phrase — that it has been several weeks since Day Zero, easily over a month. And I don't even have a good reckoning of exactly when that was, either, relatively speaking. And that would also be more or less via my own personal reckoning, when I first heard about what was going on, more than what might be considered “conspiracy theories” or gossip, or had a clue, or... I don't know – it took some time for it all to sink in, and coalesce, and form some sort of an acceptance, nay belief, nay resignation. Eventually Reality set in with a capital ‘R’. For

everyone, one way or another. No way around that. Some things even denial and such can't fix. Talk about in your face. And then you have to consciously concentrate and think about it and backpedal and reconstruct... However, it did all happen *so fast* in the beginning. Like a train wreck. Blindingly fast, now that I think about it.

If I stop and think about it real hard, it can't have been more than a couple of weeks now. Maybe a few weeks, but surely not more than that. (poor Shirley) If I had been working, then maybe I would have been more in tune with the calendar. But I was on an extended vacation thanks to... I don't know. Probably nobody. The economy. So maybe even just several days. Very long days. Very, very long days. And longer nights. Which means it's probably not even Christmas proper, yet, much less past it. The best I can do is mid to late December. I suppose that's something. Better than nothing. We're going to have a real Happy New Year this year. Whenever the Hell that is. At least I don't have to worry about making resolutions.

And we always have the seasons, and I know a little about astronomy and that sort of thing, so there are the equinoxes and such. And high noon with a stick stuck in the ground and showing no shadow. Doesn't that partially depend on your latitude? Maybe even your attitude. How quickly we digress to ancient technology when modern technology fails.

People seriously don't understand how fragile society and civilization and such is – are? – were? We were probably always right on the edge of Societal Collapse, in many ways. Now I look back on that as a form of Willful Ignorance, and self-preservation self-denial, probably so you can function in a minimal way on a day-to-day basis and keep a modicum of sanity, all the while hoping for the best, and praying, if you believe in such things. Pray 'em if you got 'em. And they thought *I* was naive and overly innocent and child-like and such. They don't call Christians the *Children* of God because it sounds funny. And none of the other so-called and self-proclaimed religions are any better. If we're lucky, all of that religious bullshit across the board will die along with most of the rest of it. That would be a mark in the plus column.

Although, I happen to be a Spiritual Atheist. Which, I have to admit, has its own bat-shit, crazy-eyed, psycho beliefs, in the dogmatic 'religious' sense (Karma, souls, reincarnation, etc.), but also a purer "True Spirituality" component, which is most important. That latter being more of a Life Philosophy than 'religious' per se (and I only say 'per se' because I like to say 'per se'). True Spirituality is difficult to explain, but, basically, if you take all of the dogmatic crap from most of the world's religions away, what they have in common is effectively *True Spirituality* — goodness, kindness, caring, decency, compassion, empathy, non-violence, pacifism, etc., all of which is "real-world" stuff and can be seen as Spiritual in Nature. That's why it's possible for atheists and agnostics to be "good people" and not be "religious".

At the same time, and this is even more important than TS, I'm able to set that aside and deal with *Reality* (there's that capital 'R' again) in a truth and rational and semi-objective and fact-based manner, which is of utmost importance. So BELIEVE anything you want, but don't let it intrude on the semi-absolute Secular Reality we all share. Too bad too many others had a problem with being able to do that. Would have made things a lot better for a lot of people, and the world.

For years I have thought about writing a book titled "It's Time For The Human Race To Grow Up". (working title) I know it's actually "species" and not "race", but the latter is what is commonly used. It was supposed to basically be a book of solutions, in a sense. Kind of a reductionist philosophy. Because most of the problems of the world stem from immaturity, what I call Adult Onset Immaturity – continuing to be (emotionally) immature past the age of adulthood. (from which 90%+ of people suffer greatly; and all of us to some level or degree) The



things that stem from this "unnatural immaturity" are egotism, selfishness, self-centeredness, self-interest, self-absorption, and related immaturity-based and self-based issues. And then additional negative traits and characteristics and behaviors stem from those, such as a lack of compassion and empathy, (too) uncaring attitudes, anthropocentrism, speciesism, uncontrolled greed and lust, and other extreme solipsismal thoughts, beliefs, and behaviors. I think I was on to something. But I never did actually write it. I guess I have *All The Time In The World*, now. In between zombie runs. But who will read it? Probably wouldn't have helped with the zombie thing, anyway.

Where was I? So maybe it's not all a lost cause. Maybe we will one day, more or less, get back on the calendar track. Within a day or two or so. Close enough for government work. If any of us survive that long. If we ever get a government again. Not missing that part of it. Not that it bothered me much most of the time anyway – more of an 'idea', I suppose. Usually only thought about if you got on their radar for some reason or it was an election year. Except for the occasional 'principle of the thing' bullshit that was never-ending. Most people would probably describe me as a Flaming Liberal, I suppose, but the reality is that I was basically and fundamentally just "normal". What *normal* SHOULD have been. But didn't even come close. That "us" versus "them" crap, used to play people off of each other, sure got old toward the end there. Not missing that, either.

But the seasons are all screwed up now, anyway, with Global Warming and all. Excuse me, *Climate Change*. So it's hard to tell when Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter are, when they start and when they end, when the weather doesn't act the way it has all of your life. That's another thing I'm itching for – someone to claim that GW/CC isn't "real". Zombie! Bang! Oops. Oh, well, no big loss. Fuck 'em! And I have a sneaking suspicion, something of a worry, although not as much now since the end of the world, and all, that it's all going to get a lot worse. Possibly quickly.

Or will it get better? No more road vehicles with exhaust. And jet airplanes with exhaust. And too many cattle to satisfy America's and American's meat-lust, with their fart-belching-exhaust – aka methane. Who would have known or guessed that growing more cattle than a world (okay, a country) has a right to over too many years would cause a Burp and Fart catastrophe of global and epic and epidemic proportions. (rhetorical sarcasm anyone?) Gives a new meaning to "silent but deadly". (and dairy cattle and pigs and chickens and...) I'm a vegetarian, by the way, in case you were wondering. A vegan, actually, mostly. An Ethical Vegetarian. And an Animal Rights Activist. And Environmentalist. Yeah, that's right, I'm your worst fucking nightmare. Or I was. Now there's a new kid in town. A whole army of them. They make me look like a fuzzy, fluffy, doe-eyed, kittenish Teddy Bear. — Whatever.

And then there is, was, the so-called "chemtrail" spraying — NOT jet contrails! — that used to be a conspiracy theory until "they" – NASA, NOAA, eventually good ol' Uncle Sam 'himself' – actually admitted that 'they' were spraying "toxic chemicals" ("our" definition) on all of us in some stupid and asinine attempt to stop the seemingly inevitable collapse of our environment, nay civilization (seriously!), via GW/CC. And civilization *would* have collapsed if the environment collapsed. Especially if there were massive once-frozen methane burps in the oceans because they got too warm, and arctic permafrost melting, and some other stuff like that.

America does 'feed the world', after all. Almost literally. Along with Russia and China. If it ever got so we couldn't grow all the (poisonous GMO!) corn and wheat and rice and other grains and stuff in the "bread baskets", there would have been mass worldwide starvation. And people tend to get a little irritated when they get hungry. So then conflicts and violence and wars start.

And a bunch of other really bad stuff. Cascade much? Look at all those dominoes knocking each other over....

Most people are under the misapprehension that all you would have to do is “go up in the mountains” and hunt and fish and such and live off the land and survive. But that would not work. Because the population density, pretty much everywhere now, is so high that all of the edibles (non-human animals) would quickly disappear. And then have a hard time re-populating. Without extensive massive farming and such, there isn’t enough food to feed everyone. Not even close. And because of loss of environment and ecosystems and mass urbanization all that, it wouldn’t even even feed that many people at all. Yet another way we screwed ourselves and the world. Although, now that so many people are apparently dead – or dead-ish – maybe it will work for some people. Once all of the store food is gone. Which won’t last long, depending. It would have all been gone, more or less, in a couple of weeks, but maybe that’s been extended now. Chock one up for the Zombie Apocalypse. Beyond that, there’s always cannibalism. I’ve got some long pork recipes handy, just for that eventuality. I know — Gross! But if you’re hungry enough, people will eat pretty much anything to survive. At least it doesn’t taste like chicken.

As for the spraying, something tells me even that wasn’t the whole truth. As in *just* trying to mitigate the climate and environment problems. Not by a long shot. Weather Warfare is always on the table. And god knows what else. Fuckers!!! (again, don’t get me started — but look up that think tank document where the military said they want to “own the weather” by 2025 – oh, that’s right, no Internet – gonna miss that, along with *some* of the other stuff)

Oddly, weirdly, coincidentally, this whole thing started shortly after that all started. When they made “The Announcement”. Maybe the day after. You know, like when Donald Rumsfeld testified [sick] before Congress that the Department of Defense had “lost track” of over \$2 trillion, and didn’t know what happened to it, and the next day 9/11 happened. — BURN-IN-HELL!!!! The lotta youse. — And then that “misplacement” was never officially spoken of again, no matter how often “we” asked about it, and mentioned it, and wouldn’t let them forget. Don’t want anyone to look into that and where all that “lost” money went, like funding a huge Black Op False Flag event that was scheduled to happen the next day. (by rogue elements inside and outside of our government and who knows who else) And/or a massive covert spraying project. But it must be simple coincidence. Right? Right?? Don’t even get me started on 9/11. Jesus-Fucking-CHRIST! At least all that crap is over and done with for the indeterminate indefinite future — probably forever. That’s one way to stick a pin in it. And then watch the blood run red...

I still don’t understand how people could watch three (Yes, THREE) buildings “collapse” and not see that they were obvious explosive controlled demolitions – EXPLOSIONS, NOT collapses, and not due to low-heat fires or jet airplane crashes or anything like that. That third WTC 7 building – a 47-story skyscraper – wasn’t even hit by a plane, and “collapsed” at about 5:00 pm that day, which most people don’t even know about. Some people thought the plane that “crashed” in Pennsylvania was supposed to hit that third tower, but it got stuck on the runway for 45 minutes, so it was late to the party – and then had to be “dealt with”, depending on what you believe .... I guess I should let that all go now.

There’s no one left to do a new, actual 9/11 investigation now. That was never properly done in the first place. The “9/11 Commission” was an OBVIOUS whitewash. And that would have never happened, took a FEW YEARS after-the-fact, which was unprecedented, if it wasn’t for some wives and mothers and daughters of people who died demanding that it be done,

literally FORCED them to do it (via political pressure). Then it was seriously underfunded. What a fucking JOKE. An official investigation was started about the Kennedy Assassination within a WEEK of that happening, and at least three investigations all-told, at least one actually Congressional, AND under oath with penalty of perjury – which was apparently too much to ask for 9/11. And, of course, there was the so-called Patriot Act (and Military Commissions Act) – a huge bitch-slap to the face of Americans and America and TRUE Patriots. The unmitigated GALL is just... there really isn't a proper word for the egregiousness of it all.

The 9/11 Truth and Justice Movement and groups like Architects and Engineers for 9/11 Truth and Firefighters for 9/11 Truth, and all the others, never had a chance, anyway. After 10 years (and I had only become a “believer” 5 years after 9/11, because I don't accept and believe these things easily), what I referred to as “the fabled 10-year anniversary”, I suggested the Movement take a tack of “Ever Vigilant, Never Again”. But, as usual, no one ever listens to me.

Then I quit working on that Movement and all the others (I've worked in more Movements than I can shake a stick at over the years — non-human animal, environmental, and human animal), while still supporting them all as much as I could, so I could switch to the Anti-GeoEngineering Movement, because it was so immediate and important that basically *everyone* should have done that. Because if “we're not here” (literally – which was most likely the inevitable conclusion if things kept going the way they were), then all of the other stuff doesn't matter. So that lasted about five years, but then I decided to ‘officially retire’ from it all. When you've only got about 10 or so years of decent “quality of life” left (if that), it's time to drop it all and start smelling some rose buds. It was going to be the young people's world, so let them get off their fat, lazy, apathetic asses and do something about it. If they don't give a fuck, fuck 'em. One of the reasons I never had kids. As it is, I barely got a year in on that. All the time in the world...

So whichever high-ranking government slug announced – I forget who it was now – “Oh, btw, we really ARE spraying the skies – for your own good, of course. Blah-Blah-Blah...” (they never went into very much detail about it – then never got a chance) Well, let's just say not everyone was surprised. Although WAY too many were. Yes, all those people who noticed it over the years were actually RIGHT. Typical. And, AFAICT, and remember, the next day the “Zombie Apocalypse” starts. Pure *coincidence*, abso-fucking-lutely no doubt in my misguided, conspiracy-drenched mind.

Wait. Wasn't that announcement made on December 10?? September 11 – December 11. What? Was that some kind of eVile joke or something? Someone's idea of ironic delusional dispensationalism, or I don't know what? Or was it simple coincidence? I guess it depends on if you are of the “there are no coincidences” camp or the “coincidences happen all the time” camp. (I'm of both camps) Jesus H. Roosevelt Christ!! I wouldn't put anything past those people. Blood-Scream in Hell, I'm telling you.

I personally noticed the “chemtrails” — scientifically, technically, GeoEngineering Aerosol Spray trails – GAStrails – that's a better term to use; scientific; more accurate; less baggage — as far back as the mid to late 1980s, because I was a Sky Watcher, night and day. Until I came into contact with computers, I always figured I'd be a scientist of some sort, maybe a meteorologist, or a marine biologist, or an astronomer. I've always been interested and fairly knowledgeable about all that stuff. But then computers came into my life and I chose to become an Information Scientist. — Digress much? — Anyway, I always was a “night person”. .... Wait, what does that last have to do with all this?? Dammit.

“Chemtrails” are what we called them back before the Internet. Some of us tried SO HARD

to get “believers” to stop using that term, with all its baggage, with varying degrees of success, but you know how people are. Yeah, the first time I saw a *GAS*trail, I literally said out loud, to no one, because I was alone at the time, “What the Hell is *that*?” Because I know the difference between TRUE jet contrails and *something else altogether*.

Maybe this doesn’t matter anymore, but — Contrails are rare (like rainbows), occur at HIGH altitudes in the *stratosphere* (~30,000+ feet – 6+ miles high; at mainland America latitudes – lower toward the poles, higher toward the equator), and almost always dissipate behind the jet — after “a few inches” according to us Earth-bounders, down here looking up at them. You know, you’ve seen them.

If you’re old enough, you remember them being that rare. Back when the skies were actually a beautiful, rich, striking BLUE. (haven’t seen that in a long while – and not the milky, whitish blue that we’ve had for some time now – that is NOT SMOG (blown over from China or otherwise – scientific studies and reports proved that), especially in non-urban areas) And clouds were beautiful, too. When contrails were so rare that people, usually kids, and some adults, would point and say, “Look! A contrail!”

And it has NOTHING to do with the increased air traffic, either. Especially with the advent and increased use of turbo-fan jet engines in commercial airliners, which tend to not create contrails. Not all jets create contrails, anyway. Most contrails were created by military aircraft.

In comparison, GAStraills became prevalent, increasingly so over the years, and at lower altitudes (well-under 20,000 feet) where jet contrails cannot form — usually – 99% of the time – gotta be objective and scientific and truth-oriented and properly qualify your statements. They also do weird things like not dissipate (“persist”), and spread out laterally to create weird-looking clouds and UNnatural cloud cover. There is a marked difference twixt the two. Clouds that anyone could look at and see and understand that they are NOT “natural”. One would think.

Never underestimate the sheer power and control Willful Ignorance, crippling Denial, blind gut-wrenching Fear (subconscious or otherwise), out-of-control Apathy, and other PSYCHOlogical anomalies can do to once-objective, once-reasoning, once-rational human beings. But ignorance is no excuse. (unfortunately, it’s not like most people’s Logic and Critical Thinking skills were all that honed and strong as it was)

How do you know they are spraying at lower altitudes, and therefore are most likely GAStraills and not contrails? (got that question a lot) For one thing, most of the airplanes could easily be seen with the naked eye, and you could see that the jets had no windows, and no markings – most of them were ‘white’. And if you knew airplanes, you could easily tell what model they were. 20,000 feet is about 4 miles. Think what even a large airplane would look like four miles in the distance on the ground. *Very* small. That’s why jets that make true contrails are so tiny at 6+ miles in altitude, that you can often barely tell there’s a plane there, depending on the light and shadows and reflections. It’s not rocket surgery or brain science. Apparently most people’s common sense tends to be overly lacking, as well. And most people were also just not very observant, either.

Then too many people were too busy looking at their phones instead of looking up at the sky, as well. And while you’re at it, take a selfie and Facebook it, and/or Instagram it, and/or Tweet it, because the alphabet soup agencies LOVED that – especially when computers got good enough that face recognition programs worked really well. If I was more paranoid, I would think that they were the ones behind all that. Before that crap, people were WARNED (for years, since the beginning) to not put photos of themselves on the Web, especially of children and young people. “Everyone” ALWAYS suggested that that was the smart thing to do. Then that was

“conveniently” quickly forgotten. Not that “they” would do anything with all that, or that the NSA would illegally tap people’s phones and such. — I guess I might be digressing a bit here and there....

Many of us even collected rain samples and had tests performed by certified labs, wherein there was found high concentrations of aluminum, and sometimes other toxic metals and chemicals, like barium and strontium. These metals were mentioned in GeoEngineering patents. Rain water should NEVER contain those elements to any real discernible level, much less high levels. And it was happening pretty much all over the world. So simple logic says there must be some large-scale dispersal system, like jets spraying a toxic soup of chemicals. Duh! You would think “smart” and “intelligent” people would have been able to look at that evidence, if you could get them to even look at it, especially objectively, and agree that something was going on. But some of the most intelligent people I’ve ever met have been some of the most ignorant people I’ve ever met. (intelligence and non-ignorance do NOT go hand-in-hand — same with them and old age and wisdom) And not just about this issue. (and emotional issues easily overwhelm intelligence, so denial and immature stubbornness and all the rest reign supreme)

And if that aluminum was nano-particle in size (which is only anthropogenic (human-made) – they don’t exist naturally, especially not in “quantity”), which it most likely was, based on some other tests, then it was even worse, for people, other animals, and all flora and fauna. If it’s in the rain, it’s in the air, and that means you’re breathing it, and particles that small will go directly into your blood stream and cross the blood brain barrier. That’s probably why Alzheimer’s and Autism were becoming epidemics. It also causes plant roots to not function correctly, so that was probably why there were increasing problems with forests and food gardens and fruit trees that we heard about through anecdotal stories. (not just in drought-stricken areas) And there’s a good chance it was what was causing the honey bee ecosystem collapse, too. Once that nano-particle aluminum is in the environment, you can’t get it out.

We could never get anyone who supposedly could maybe do something about it to look at it, and into it, and believe it, and do the proper scientific research. Although I knew reliable, honest people who had talked to people who would not talk on the record, because they feared losing their jobs and careers and then homes and such, who said they were concerned about what was going on, no matter what the reasons were. Typical. Although there were a couple of whistleblowers toward the end. Before the proverbial shit hit the fan.

Welcome to ContamiNation. It’s kind of a nice place to visit (in some ways, and in some areas), but you don’t want to live there.

After working in the Anti-GeoEngineering Movement for years, I guess I still have all this stuff on my brain. Old habits die hard. Plus, if it has anything to do with what’s happening, then I guess it’s apropos. Maybe someone can make sense of it all after-the-fact.

Hey, don’t mind me, I’m just one of them tin foil hat wearing “conspiracy theorists”. Anyone with half a brain knows that “Not All Conspiracies Are Theories”. I guess that doesn’t make 100% sense, but it makes the point well enough. And then there’s always The Law: Conspiracy to Commit Fraud, Conspiracy to Commit Murder, Conspiracy to Commit Arson, General Conspiracy, and the RICO statutes. And in a more benign sense, surprise birthday parties, planning one or thinking someone is planning one for you; or your parents or your principal and teacher thinking you skipped third period with your friends and went off campus, whether you did or not, and you conspiring with your friends to do so. Conspiracy theory, conspiracy theorists, fact or fiction, illegal, unethical and benign. Not to mention Watergate and the hundred or so other KNOWN and PROVED conspiracies that ran the gamut throughout

history. Fuck those conspiracy theorists Woodward and Bernstein and The Washington Post and their conspiracy theories. Am I right? How about Operation Northwoods? Manhattan Project anyone? Anyone? Bueller? Bueller? Yeah, no such thing as “conspiracy theories” – riii-iight... You nonsensical, irrational bitches and bastards and myopic brain-dead ASSholes!!

So FUCK YOU ALL very much while we’re at it. Especially you stupid worthless asinine dumbshit so-called self-proclaimed self-styled “skeptics” and “debunkers”, most of whom couldn’t skeptic or debunk their way out of a wet paper bag to save their useless, worthless, not-worth-insuring lives. I hope you all screamed blood out of every bodily orifice in horrific agony until you were bled dry. Couldn’t happen to a nicer group of people. ALL those idiots who spoke out against it all, and refused to BELIEVE, some even AFTER the GubMint admitted to it. Go figure. (that all lit up the InterWebs)

I hate to hope that they or someone they cared about got hurt or killed or screwed over in a major way, by a couple of people or so, and they went to the police, and told them, “These however many people did this!” And if there’s ANY justice in the world — and we all know that there really isn’t — the cops told them, “We don’t deal with conspiracy theories and conspiracy theorists, so be on your way! Loser!!” Fuck. Now I feel bad wishing bad crap on people who deserve(d) it. (effectively, if not actually)

In the end, I win. We won. Lotta good it did us. Especially once the government, et al., admitted that they were spraying. And that only after years of people like me taking notice and spreading the word and trying to get others to “believe” it, and enough finally did and started asking questions, and then complaining, and FINALLY the mainstream media couldn’t ignore it or purposely blackout it (black it out??), and so it goes..... Not that that ever made me feel better or sleep better. I can’t even say, “I told you so”, because that’s not who and what I am and choose to be. Fuckers!

I guess I am rambling a bit. Sorry about that.

So, maybe with all that gone, maybe things will get better now. Might take some time. Maybe all this, the Plague, is Mother Nature’s way of (self-) “correction”. Mother Earth’s way of saying, “No, I don’t think so! Time for all you all to STOP!! Or else!!! I said, ‘Good day to you, Sir!’”

Yeah, I know, it’s more likely that some megalomaniacal “scientist” with a God complex purposely or accidentally made something “bad” that accidentally (or purposely) got loose. Had to happen sooner or later. It’s the Law of Averages. Do you feel lucky, punk?

Or maybe there really is a “Power Elite”, or Illuminati, or some such crap – a baker’s half dozen of “white men” sitting in leather chairs in an expensive board room or “gentleman’s” club, playing puppets with the world, that caused it all to happen, and are hiding down in underground bunkers waiting for things to “normalize” so they can come back up and re-populate the Earth with their own kind and run it the way they see fit. I suppose we shall see what we shall see, shan’t we? Some of us anyway. Some very few of us, the looks of it.

Que sera, sera. C’est la vie d’guerre, n’est paz? — ‘What will be, will be.’ — ‘Such is a life war, am I right?’ — Do I have to do my own subtitles? It’s bad enough I have to write my own bio and life story and obituary and epitaph and last will and testament. Ain’t no one else gonna write ’em, that’s for damn sure. And now a word from our sponsors.

Have I digressed? (again?) Let’s see. Shot Santa in the head. End of the world. Are things

actually crappier now or less crappy than they used to be? Will things get better or worse, and in what ways? Civilization is dying, if not outright showing signs of rigor mortis. Society, as much as it sucked in so many ways prior, so no big loss, is probably also dead-ish. I guess those two go hand-in-hand. (and you do need people to make up that society and civilization, so it looks like that's going to be a problem) Sanity versus insanity. Shot Santa in the head. Oh, already got that one. I think that's about it.

As for Santa, perhaps I should explain. I walk around a corner, Santa walks (shuffle-stumbles) around the same corner in the opposite direction, we walk right past each other. I stop. He stops. Pause for effect. I swear it must have looked like a cartoon gag. I know I was a little out of it and overly tired, and obviously not paying as much attention as I should have. I was shocked. In shock. And I froze. I don't know what his problem was. Then it seems to hit us at the same time. He's a zombie. I'm zombie food. Lucky for me my reactions were still quicker than his, and I won the coin toss. Could have easily gone the other way. Too easily.

Sure, I didn't *need* to shoot him in the head 15 times with a semi-automatic pistol, then reload and shoot him a dozen more, but sometimes Shit Happens. LOUD shit, so I pounded the macadam after I fully realized what I had done. Post-haste. Gave my brand-spanking-new VERY expensive FREE cross-trainers a work out. And it's not like he didn't deserve every full metal jacket gift I hand-delivered to his skull. It must be jam, 'cause jelly don't shake like that. Jeez. Grossed my own self out with that one. Yet another horror to invade my non-sleep, courtesy of your local human (psychological) condition and reality factory and fantasy farm. Sometimes having a good imagination can bite you in the ass.

It's not like I was hunting him, looking for Santa, a Santa, any Santa, to shoot in the head. *They* are the hunters. Yeah, "man" is "at the top of the food chain". As if that was ever truly the case, even before now. Especially barring technology – mostly guns and such. Typical anthropocentric / egocentric bullshit. Walk naked out into the African veldt or Grizzly country and see who is predator and who is prey and where humans fall on the food chain real quick. Same with zombies and the Urban Jungle.

If there weren't so many of them, then, sure, I might become a Zombie Hunter. But these days (dammit!) it would be like shooting fish in a barrel. No sport in it. Plus you're always taking a chance when you come into contact with them. Especially in large numbers. Them, not "us". There are A LOT more of them than us now. I suppose people will start complaining any day now that they are taking our jobs from us. \*snicker\* Sometimes I just think funny things.

— Yeah, maybe I'm not doing as well as I thought sanity-wise. Gotta keep an eye on that.

A little bite'll do ya. Maybe even a scratch. Or an unlucky splash. — I wonder if it's sexually transmissible. That could potentially be a future problem. I guess I can always hope against hope that I'm immune or something. Maybe that's why I'm still here. Lucky me.

Anyway, I suppose I should also explain what I mean by "zombie". What *flavor* of zombie are we talking about here? What's the flavor of the month? Are there 31 different zombie flavors? Baskin-Zombies? Well, they're not your run-of-the-mill, supernatural, risen-from-the-dead zombie, climbing out of graves and such. This ain't no grade-B horror movie. Would that it were. No, these are Plague Zombies. Whatever the Hell it is that is causing all of this, and it's not a good thing, believe you me, and you might have figured that one out for yourself by now, this plague, what I now call *The Plague*, some virus or something I suppose, maybe natural, maybe man-made, maybe from Outer Space, I wouldn't be surprised at all about that, but I doubt if we will ever know the truth there, anyway— The Plague has a somewhat negative and deleterious

affect on the human body.

Should I apologize for that rather long run-on sentence? Fuck it! Let the editor deal with that when the time comes.

And mind. Mind and body. It really fucks you up across the board. Maybe even soul. Do zombies have souls? I suppose Plague Zombies do. Since they aren't dead, or *the undead*. Anyway, it turns you into a slobbering, violent, semi-brain-dead, one-track-mind, .... well, Zombie. And, yes, stick a [sick] in there. They definitely deserve to be capitalized – might as well throw them a bone.

And ~~dead~~ (Freudian slip?) dear god they smell bad! They are definitely *not* into hygiene. The lucky ones are those that, for whatever reason, are naked. The others just shit and piss themselves silly in whatever they happen to be wearing. Yeah, I know — Yuch! And you don't know the half of it. Believe me. If things didn't smell so bad for so many other reasons, not the least of which is all of the dead bodies lying around, you could smell them a mile away. Well, blocks-away, anyway. And I have at times. Saved my sweet ass more than once. Like most things, it depends on which way the wind's blowing.

And lucky for us (there's gotta be more than just me left – there *has* to be) they aren't very bright. I don't want to think what it would be like if they were as intelligent (smart?) as they used to be before they got zombieized and zombieified. That would definitely not be a good thing. Not good at all. Not that most people were all that intelligent or smart before. Bell Curvy sons-a-bitches that most people are – were. So thank Heaven for little girls, small favors, and surface tension.

And, no, I'm not a pervert. Okay, maybe a little perverse at times, but there's a difference between the two. I have a feeling some zombiettes are going to experience that up close and personal at some point, but “of age”, of course. I'm just quoting the song, in part, which, when I think about it, is a bit questionable, at least sexism-wise – more so now in the light of the so-called Twenty-First Century – referring to women as little girls and such. I always had the feeling that someone miscounted there, century-wise, so maybe it *is* all relative and doesn't really matter. And what we know about how the way the world works – used to work – and the way some people behave. Fair warning: perverts and pedophiles and molesters and rapists and wife-beaters and animal abusers and tax collectors are all Zombies in my book, and I think you know what I mean and where of I speak — Click, BAM! – rat-a-tat – double-tap – slice-n-dice – oh, so nice – sugar and spice..... sorry..... yeah... — I just sighed big-time in case you weren't paying attention.

And, although they do seem to be stronger than your average person, maybe it's extra adrenalin coursing (cursing) through their veins, or something, they aren't particularly hard to kill. Well, relatively speaking. You don't even have to shoot them in the head, like in the movies and books. A well-placed shot in the heart will do just fine. Usually. And, thank God, or whomever, they don't get back up — usually.

However, and let this be a warning to those of you who might use this high-handed tome as an instruction manual, or whatever – people are generally not easy to kill. Again, it's not like in the movies where you shoot someone and they fall down dead. The human animal is *notoriously* difficult to kill. Unless you hit something important, like the heart, or the head, there is a good chance that they won't even go down. (and even then...) And if they have a will, and zombies are *very* willful, take my word on that, like someone hyped up on certain illicit drugs, Plague Zombies (and uninfected people) will keep on coming at you. So make sure they are dead, dead, dead. And then don't turn your back on them, just in case.



*If only* they were stumbling, shuffling, meat-bags. They aren't usually all that active and fast, but they aren't (usually) all that slow, either. Mostly it's particularly dangerous when they are in groups. The bigger the worse. (more worse?) And I don't even like to think about the word *horde*. (maybe it's a "Horde of Zombies"; though I like Plague of Zombies better – or both – I'm pretty sure there are other multiple instance usages of that with other animals, too — there's a word for this phraseology, groups of animals – it's on the tip of my tongue, but I just can't seem to recall it...)

It's not like they have anything else better to do. They have a bit of a one-track mind in that sense. I guess I can't blame them. I'd probably do the same thing in their situation. Hope I never have to experience that. So best to be empathetic and sympathetic now. Don't hurt to hedge your bets, just in case Karma and shit like that is real (-ish). Thank Whomever that I don't have anything against suicide. Especially when it's painless. Like in that other song. Though, if it needs to be done, "then 'twere well it were done quickly". I can always use it as a fallback position. I don't plan on finding out though, if I can at all help it. Apparently my Karma stepped out to take a shit and I got lucky. I guess. The jury's still out on that one.

Sure, if you hit something else fairly important, like maybe the liver or a kidney, or a major artery, that will do some major damage, and they will eventually bleed out. Probably. Although I don't think they go into "shock" like a normal person would, which is in their favor, not ours. But bleeding out could take a minute or two, or longer, and you don't have that much time. So, to be on the safe side, I will always choose a head shot over anything else.

Or, like the cop manuals warn, and anyone who knows anything about guns and personal and home security, you shoot them, and you don't stop shooting them, until they are down and not moving – if you have that luxury. Remember the whole "people are hard to kill thing"? And if you pause, you eject the magazine and load another, because NO ONE can count under those circumstances. Better to be safe than sorry. You DO NOT want a click-click when you NEED a click-BAM! Better to have a gun and not need it, than to need a gun and not have it. Not just a bumper sticker anymore. (and it never was) Good advice for zombies or non-zombies, alike. Receivers in full of one's needed attention as it were.

Is any of this making any sense? What I'm making reference to is the too-many humans that are also not your best friend, to say the least. (in the beginning of this little soirée, when there were still a lot of us around – maybe things are different elsewhere) You would think we would all join together to fight a common enemy. But the Human Animal is just that – an animal. And the scum came out of the woodwork when it all went down, as well. Some of them were actually worse than the Zombies. No surprise there. Luckily most of them seem to be dead and gone now. Good riddance. Couldn't happen to a nicer group of people.

And, if you do shoot Zoms elsewhere, always go for the coup de grâce head shot, just to make sure. You can't afford to make a mistake. Not even close. Another thank "God" that we have so many guns, and ammo, in America. Poor bastards in some other countries must be having a hard time of it. At last reports it was world-wide. Widespread, pervasive, and endemic. Anyway, I won't have to worry about that for a while yet – guns and ammo, that is.

So that's why I shot Zombie Claus in the head. Rest in peace, bwitch. (silent 'W' – it's the feminist in me) I'd feel bad for the poor bastard's family, but he probably already killed, ate, and at the very least, infected, all of them already, anyway, if not vice versa. And that's another thing. It's amazing how well we can function with missing parts. Where there's a will, there's a way. Again, not quite like in the movies, but not far off sometimes. Plus the whole not going into shock thing – that's a killer for us humans. Humans? Non-zombies? I don't want to be Politically

Incorrect. Can't have that.

I would swear that their blood seems... I don't know... thicker, maybe. Something like that. Definitely darker in color. Something's going on there. Maybe their heart doesn't beat as fast as it used to? Maybe I'm the last "scientist" in the world, too. Maybe I'll try to do some experiments someday — or not. I do seem to have a lot of free time on my hands these days.

Oh, and these Zombies are not brain-eaters. Well, not in the sense that that is what they are after. In the specific target sense, although I've seen some things. Most of which I would prefer to forget, but it doesn't work that way, unfortunately. You can't un-see stuff. I think they are mostly just hungry. Which is probably why the cat and dog and other animal populations seem to be drastically decreasing. Anything and everything alive and kicking (but not already infected) seems to be on their menu. I haven't met a vege-zombie yet.

And I would bet that there is some underlying factor involved with the virus, or whatever it is, that causes it to make them want to spread it around, and not kill the new host target. From what little I know about those sorts of things, that tends to be how they work. Viruses and bacteria want to live, too. Maybe not in the intelligence sense, or sentient sense, but in the biological sense. Some sort of a biological imperative. So they tend to act in ways — cause their hosts to act in ways — that cause and allow them to continue spreading. Although sometimes the Zoms go into a feeding frenzy and death is the final outcome for their victim(s). I guess it's an evolution thing. Or something like that.

It's definitely not a God-thing. Unless God's an asshole. Which, actually, wouldn't surprise me all that much. What was it that the writer Robert Heinlein said? 'All Gods Have the Manners and Morals of a Spoilt Child'. Something like that. You know, because they are created in their creator's image. Created in Man's image, and not vice versa, like people used to claim. Did I have to explain that? And we all know what most people are like, when push comes to shove.

The Zoms also don't attack and eat each other. Yet? So something "interesting" is going on there. What's that definition of 'interesting' from that sci-fi show? — "Oh, God, we're all gonna die!"? Anyway, it's the scientist in me that wonders about these things. As for "God", fuck him! Or her. Or it. Whatever.

Actually, it wouldn't surprise me at all if there really was no actual God, *just* the Devil.

Beelzebub. Lucifer. Mephistopheles. Prince(ss) of Darkness. Angel of Darkness. The Morning Star. Old Hob. Old Scratch. Old Nick. El Diablo. The Adversary. The Enemy Within. Number of the Beast? The Antichrist. Or is "he" supposed to be Satan's main man on Earth — Lucifer incarnate? Who can keep this shit straight. S/he does have a lot of cool names, though. Wouldn't surprise me at all if she was a female. Not at all. (there was this sci-fi movie, where aliens sent a genetic code and instructions to Earth, and the scientists grew the *seemingly* human entity (you know what's going to happen there), and they decided to make it female so it would 'be more docile' — and one guy says, "You don't date much, do you, Doc?" — if I can find me some electricity, and some safety, I think it's way past time for a movie night — Man! Hot, buttered popcorn...)

Yeah, the finest trick of the Devil was to persuade humanity that God exists. Now it all makes sense.

I think I need to try to focus better...

Didn't the bible say that God destroyed the Earth by Water with the great flood and Noah and all that, and the next time it would be by Fire? I don't know if that was someone's

interpretation or what. Or was that one of the Nostradamus prophecies? Mix and match? Some people interpreted that as a nuclear war, others by a meteor hitting the Earth. But maybe it ended up being a Blood Fire, as in *The Zombie Plague*. Could be.

According to the reports that were being given on the various new channels, most of which became 24/7 news channels toward the end (suck it, CNN — how many people saw a “Breaking News” report and thought, that’s just that stupid CNN bullshit yet again, because they overused that phrase so much that it became meaningless – I see some lawsuits in the making), the outbreak did seem to occur “everywhere” at once, worldwide, which was at least a little suspicious. So that suggests it could have had something to do with the GAStrail spraying, as well. Just stick a little something extra in there to spice it up. Bon Voyage! Enjoy the trip. It will most likely be your last. There are many pieces, call it The Last Puzzle. The puzzle to end all puzzles. Turn out the lights when you leave the building.

It could always be worse. It could be raining. (and it does seem to be raining a lot these days) Speaking of cats and dogs, and other animals, it’s a double-edged sword, so on the one hand I hope someone let all of the zoo (animal prison) animals out of their cells, but on the other hand, don’t we have enough problems already without having to worry about tigers and lions and polar bears, oh, my! Not to mention anteaters and rubber tree plants. — easy.. easy.. (Note To Self) — I bet some human prisoners got royally screwed, too. Don’t like to think about that, or much any of it, really.

At least Mom is gone already. I can only hope Bro and Sis times two and their families are doing okay. I don’t have any photos of any of them now – that doesn’t sit well. Lost everything. You can never go home again, although, if you do, that’s where they have to take you in. At least I don’t hold a grudge. But I know... most likely. #RIP

I always wanted to be an only child. As always, be careful what you wish for.

I hope someone eventually appreciates what I’m doing here. Definitely not the easiest thing I’ve ever done in my so-called life. Dredging up all this horrific crap. And then trying to make it all make sense for whatever poor bastard ends up reading this.

If this all ends up being painfully jejune, then I’ll just give you all the money in my wallet, you can kick me in the balls, and we’ll call it even. (will anyone get these references? *Princess Bride* was a great movie)

I suppose, when it comes right down to it, *shit don’t mean shit*. Or, is it *shit does mean shit*? Sometimes? Always? Never? I hope Steven King is still alive and writing. And Dean Koontz. And some others. Way too many losses to think about in too many senses. Not enough people thought about that – took it to heart – and then actually got off their collective asses and *did* something about it. I’m pretty sure. Quite sure.

I try to not think of all of the Art in museums around the world and what’s happened to it. Paintings and sculptures and... Books! Art and culture and science and technology. All gone. Most all of it most likely to also never to be recovered. What a horrific loss. What a waste.

And then throw the Donald Trump as President debacle and fiasco and his ‘popularity’ on top of it all, and we were obviously observing the Decline and Fall of the New Roman Empire occurring right before our very eyes. So maybe it was all for the best in some (most) senses. Like General Colin Powell said, “We have lost our sense of shame”. Truer words were never spoken or written or verbalized. Perhaps too many of us went insane and nobody noticed. (7 billion human rats racing around – most likely WAY beyond the carrying capacity of the planet – stewing in our collective societal excremental juices, and then wondering why no one is feeling well) And/Or maybe too many sociopaths were allowed to take over too many high-level

positions in too many governmental and corporate and other institutional agencies, city, county, state, federal, and private. So long, and thanks for all the fish. (42 of them if I'm not mistaken)

Repeat after me: It's The End of the World as We Know It... and I Feel Fine.  
(TEOTWAWKI – *tee-oh-twah-kee*)

Except for possibly one thing, and it's something I don't really like to think about. And didn't beforehand – like to think about it, that is. I call it “The Nuclear Option”, but it must have some other name, some ‘official’ name, christened by the Powers That Be, or some such nonsense. (or maybe ‘they’ didn't want to point it out to anyone) When it was brought to my attention, it kind of pissed me off and, well, depressed me a little... okay more than a little. Mostly, or partly, because it made it that much harder to achieve “suspension of disbelief” in post-apocalyptic and Survivalist Fiction -type stories and movies and such — and one of my favorite TV shows, can you guess which one it was? I'm the Star now. (I'm gonna miss *good* TV and films)

That is, in the sense of being a “survivor”. Which I always have considered myself to be, although I never got into that “prepper” stuff, mostly due to the cost. But also in the Reality sense. That being that, if something “big” (and bad) were to happen to “us” (Earth / the Human Species), like, I don't know, say —

A “too-large” meteor hitting the Earth. (has happened *many* times in Earth's history)

Or a small-ish tactical nuclear war — that would potentially be survivable. We had a few of those, as well, (or was it WWII?) once the shit hit the fan (SHTF), and people couldn't contain their psychoses — that was more or less to be expected, I think. Before the news went black, I heard India and Pakistan blew the shit out of each other. No surprise there. And China and “Russia” had a ‘small’ tiff. And we erased North Korea off the face of the Earth, because, why not? (maybe Iran, too) And then, right at ‘the end’, the U.S. and someone got into it, maybe multiple someones. They probably wanted to take their bat and ball and go home, because why should the United States of America get to play when no one else could. I guess I can see their point. We were already trying to take over and control most of the world as it was. So who knows how big and bad that was. Like any of us needed any more damage than we were already getting. Idiots.

Or a gigantic Solar Flare, like the one that hit the U.S. (world, I guess) in the mid-1800s when there was luckily no real electrical or electronic tech around (apparently messed up some telegraph lines and equipment and started a few fires). A smaller one hit around 1990 and knocked out part of Oh, Canada's electrical grid. And the Sun shot one off the port bow that might have been a “planet killer” in 2012, as well, that missed us by *that* much (a week or so).

Or massive financial ruin that would then cascade and cause the collapse of society and civilization — could have *easily* happened – and did, fairly quickly, as yet another side-effect – would probably be such for all the other scenarios.

Or some other massive Plague, and probably a few other things...

Or, I don't know, a *Zombie Apocalypse*.

Well...

What I'm getting to is that, at last count, there are something like 400 +/- nuclear reactors on Planet Earth (electrical power generating plants and such), which take about 60 years to decommission. And no one would be (is) sticking around for that, so they would all go into melt down mode. Over 100 in the U.S. alone, mostly on the East Coast and eastern mid-west. So I

suppose I should be glad I'm on the West Coast, although we have several. So, 400 Chernobyls and Fukushimas — Dear GODs! I can't even really imagine that — and maybe that was part of people's problem all along. (as usual, the Anti-Nuke people were on the right track)

All those meltdowns around the world would basically kill ALL life on Earth. Not just people, but all of the non-human animals, and most all of the plants, the oceans, the land, and the air, and maybe even the cockroach cucarachas. In the end *they* would probably be King of the Jungle, with tardigrades their mini Mini-Me's — the only things that survive. And with our luck, Justin Bieber. Anyway, basically kill the planet. So that kinda sucks.

The bottom line is any semi-catastrophic event would be an ELE — an Extinction Level Event.

What people should have realized is that SOMETHING like that WOULD eventually happen, just statistically, and literally ANY day. Don't let the statistics people fuck with your minds. Just because something “won't” *statistically* happen in some amount of time doesn't mean that it *can't* happen *tomorrow* (literal and absolute TRUTH). Remember what Mark Twain said about lies: “There are three kinds of lies: lies, damned lies, and statistics”.

Did I mention that it did? Happen, that is. We were lucky enough to get the Zombie Apocalypse option. With a smattering of the others thrown in for good measure.

So the unfortunate reality of the situation is that, quite some time ago we actually slit out collective wrists as a civilization and species and planet and we've just been waiting for the darkness to come. Just took a while to bleed out is all.

Maybe that's what I really have in store for my future. Maybe I already glow in the dark at night when I'm sleeping. (I know that's not how it really works — I'd check myself out in a mirror, but I don't look in mirrors anymore — afraid of what I might see, and I don't just mean a radioactive aura and afterglow) The problem with radiation is, you can't see it, or smell it, or taste it. I guess I could get a Geiger counter somewhere. But what's the point? We all have to die at some point anyway. These days probably preferably sooner rather than later.

And then, depression set in....

Mayhaps Aliens, or Jesus, or Alien Jesus, (Praise Jeebus!) will swoop down and take care of that problem for us. Pardon me while I don't hold my breath. I guess stranger things have been known to happen. But the bottom line is, we should have known better. As a species we had a good run. Mostly. Kind of. Not really. We were kind of a plague-cancer on Planet Earth in our own right. We basically destroyed our home world. Good riddance to us, too, I suppose. Sorry for the mess.

On the other hand, I might have mentioned that people are notoriously hard to kill, so maybe we'll slag through it somehow... I saw a documentary about Chernobyl once (hard to believe that was over 30 years ago now), probably on PBS, that ended up seriously depressing me, for a few or several days, maybe a couple of weeks. I didn't realize it was that bad. That town of 50,000 population irradiated and now a ghost town, and about 1,000 square miles poisoned 'to death', directly (severely) affecting about 5 million people, in the Soviet Union (I think they hadn't broken up at that point) and other neighboring countries, and “indirectly” millions more around the world. Billions, even, since every person on Earth has detectable traces of strontium-whatever in their bones from Chernobyl, although supposedly more than that from all of the atmospheric nuclear weapons tests in the 1960s and since. Only humans would explode nuclear devices on the face of their planet. Then we shit in our water wells. Then we think up even worse

stuff to do to ourselves.

There *have* been reports of ‘fish babies’ and other terrible mutations and illnesses and things like that — get this: the Russian government shipped in clean food from other parts of the country and then required school children in the outlying affected areas to eat all of their meals at school, to insure they got “clean food”, but also shipped the “bad” food from that area around to the rest of the country because they couldn’t afford not to (?) – they seriously did that.

Reminds me of that water well that was “too toxic” from some chemicals in the San Francisco Bay Area or thereabouts in California, Good Ol’ U.S. of A., servicing people’s houses for bathing and drinking, that had too many parts per billion of something bad (pretty high – high enough to make it illegal to use for human consumption and use). So they just mixed that water in with two other wells, diluted the concentration, and got the PPB down to EPA acceptable levels, and Bob’s your Uncle – drink away, cook your children’s food with it, take a long shower, or a soaking bath. They seriously did that, too.

I think I’m starting to see a pattern here... What the Christ-fuck! What the God-fuck, even!

And now no one can (should) live in that town / area of Russia (Ukraine, I think) for about 10,000 years. That was a clue to people that was unfortunately ignored. And then Fukushima in Japan. Seriously?? As if Three Mile Island wasn’t bad enough. WTF was WRONG with us???

But then I saw another documentary later, and people were giving tours of the “Chernobyl Exclusion Zone” (too many of the human species were not the brightest bulbs in the pack), and some of the wild life seemed to be taking over and doing “okay”, although it was really too early to tell what the ‘final outcome’ was going to be. Hope springs eternal, right? I always have been an Optimistic Realist. However, as we all well-know, Reality can be a motherfucker, at best. (best title for a TV show: “Serial Killer Earth” — we gave her a run for her money, though, as a species and civilization – but, in the end, Nature *always* wins) There is a river right there going right through the place, taking all that radiation poison to god knows where (eventually the ocean(s)). Typical. And they were still using one or two of the nuclear reactors, too. Jesus. In some ways it makes me speechless.

Inevitably, it still doesn’t bode well, no matter how you look at it. Maybe someone will survive in deepest, darkest Africa, or something like that.

Under the circumstances, maybe I should store this text somewhere proper, in a format that will last ‘forever’, where a future civilization (*that’s* not looking good), or extraterrestrial alien visitors, can find it, in a few hundred years, maybe a couple of, or several, or tens or hundreds of, millennia, so they know what happened. Probably not a bad idea. Have to think on that some. Maybe I should store it up in that underground Seed Vault they built up in Scandinavia, or wherever, near the Arctic Circle. Time capsule! Road Trip!! Like there’s a snowball’s chance in Hell of that happening.

Oh, well. Whatever. At this point does it even matter anymore? I think I’m all out of answers. And questions. And food and water. And the candles are getting short. I’m trying to conserve batteries, because they won’t last forever, even rechargeables. Gotta go to the store and re-stock soon-ish. I still call it and think of it as ‘shopping’. But the reality is “looting” is my new hobby. People don’t complain much.

Jeezus. I just realized another thing has been niggling at the back of my mind. What if I get a toothache? Or hurt badly somehow. No more ambulances and EMTs and emergency rooms and doctors and surgeons and dentists. This doesn’t bode well. Not well at all.

Anyway, at least Santa's dead. — And I'm still here. It could always be worse. Count on it.

Well, I guess that's enough writing for now. Maybe I'll do more later. I'm finally getting tired. I finally passed too tired to go to sleep and have hit a new wall. Time to sack out. I've fortified a house so it's pretty safe. It's only me, so I can't stand guard.

And the human body does need sleep. Sleep per chance to dream. But I know that I have nightmares in my immediate future. "...I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space – were it not that I have bad dreams". Good ol' Hamlet via Billy the Id.

The real sucky thing is that it doesn't matter if I'm asleep or awake. Same nightmare, different day – or night. Whatever. Never-ending. The never-ending story.

How perfectly goddamned delightful it all is, to be sure.

Gawd, I'm tired. Merry Fucking Christmas. Thanks for listening.

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## More?

If you enjoyed this story, please check out my other stories.

***Quiet Earth*** will be my first novel, and a zombie novel, to boot. It is an extended and enhanced amalgamation of my novelette, *Katydid*, my free short story, *Zombie Squad: A Taste of Future Death*, and this free novelette, *My Perfectly Wonderful Zombie Christmas*. It should be available mid-2016.

Audience: Teen+ to Adult — Adult Themes, Violence, Violent Imagery, Language, Blood, Gore, Zombies

*Katydid* is a medium-length novelette published in 2014 and available now.

*Zombie Squad: A Taste of Future Death* is a FREE e-book singlet short story teaser-excerpt, published in 2015, the first two chapters of the first book of a Young Adult (-ish) novel series.

*Barbra* is a novella that should be available sometime in 2016. (fingers crossed)

Sign up to my e-mail list on my website to receive notices about publication and availability of these stories.

Below are the descriptions for each. You can find them and more information via my website: [www.iPopeye.net](http://www.iPopeye.net)

***Katydid*** is a story about a day in the life of a 10-year-old girl trying to survive on her own in a post-apocalyptic world. Staying alive and dealing with the daily perils in After is not easy. Trying to not become prey for the many predators that rise out of the ashes is often the least of your worries. It would not be easy for anyone, much less a lone, young girl. After losing everything she had, and everyone she knew, from Before, Katy is bound and determined to keep the one thing she has left – her life. Such as it is. And will be.

This medium-length novelette is an extended adaptation of the author's short film screenplay of the same name, which is included, along with two poems.

Audience: Teen+ to Adult — Contains Adult Themes

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***Zombie Squad: A Taste of Future Death*** is a FREE e-book singlet short story teaser-excerpt,



the first two chapters of the first book of a Young Adult (-ish) novel series. The working title of Book 1 is *When We Used To Be Alive*.

The full story is about two freshly-orphaned, mid-teenage girls trying to survive in a Zombie Apocalypse. In a world oddly lacking in adults, filled with crazed zombies, and some humans who are worse in their own way, to increase their chances of survival, the girls join a group of mostly-teens who call themselves... the Zombie Squad.

Audience: Teen to Adult — Young Adult genre (-ish)

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***Barbra*** will be a novella and is also an extended adaptation of the author's short film screenplay of the same name.

As a long (~30+ minute) short film, it is a modern day partial homage to the 1968 B&W cult classic film "Night of the Living Dead" (NotLD), mostly in theme and/or sub-theme. Even though the film occurs in current times, there is an innocence about it, in speech, dress, interaction, etc., similar to the 1960's. That is the intent.

The story is zombie-esque in nature, but can be better described as a dark, psychological thriller with a zombie theme, that explores the frailties and fragility of the human mind and psyche, with devastating consequences.

Audience: Teen+ to Adult — Violence and Violent Imagery, Blood, Gore

## About the Author



Popeye Theophilus Barnnumb is an autodidact, writer, author, poet, screenwriter, editor, essayist, bibliophile, logophile, linguaphile, humorist, creative, imagineer, artist and artiste, independent filmmaker, director, producer, documentarian, over-the-hill Computer Wiz Kid, master problem solver, computer programmer, coder (at heart), debugger, analyst, software engineer, creator of (as WHD) the Simplexity Cypher, CRAV Computing hobbyist (Classic / Retro / Antique / Vintage), collector of Survivalist Fiction, veg(etari)an, philanthropist, humanitarian, Rights Activist (Human and Non-Human Animal and Environmental Rights and Peace Activist), lay-philosopher, founder of (as WHD) *Rights Activism* and *Rights Activist Philosophy*, wanna-be polymath and polyhistor, recovering InterWebs addict, and all-around nice guy.

He lives in Northern California, USA (currently, sadly, companion animal-less). One of Popeye's nicknames is *Amadeus*. PTB is the creative works pseudonym of William H. Donnelly, and is mostly used for fiction writing, screenwriting, and some aspects of indie filmmaking. You can call him Popeye or Bill – he answers to both – one with a smile and one with a grin.

You may contact the author via his website: [www.iPopeye.net](http://www.iPopeye.net)

Don't forget to spread the word about *My Perfectly Wonderful Zombie Christmas* and my other stories. *Thanks.*

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